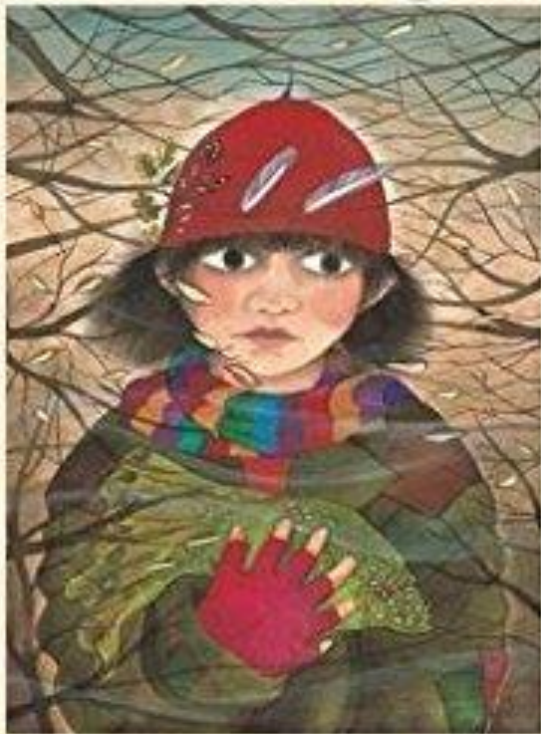


Shortlisted for the
Kate
Greenaway
Medal



The Lost Happy Endings

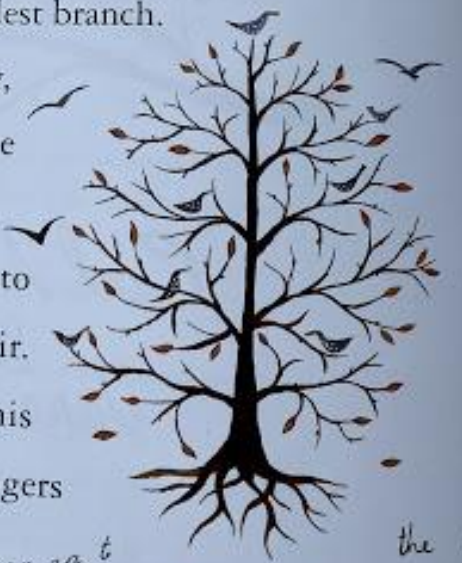


Carol Ann Duffy & Jane Ray



Jub's job was important and she was very proud of it. Each evening when dusk was removing the outline of things, like a rubber, Jub had to shoulder her big green sack and carry all the Happy Endings of stories from one end of the forest to the other in time for everybody's bedtime. Once she had reached the edge of the forest, Jub had to climb to the top of a huge old oak tree, still with her sack on her back, and sit on the tallest branch.

Then, very carefully, Jub would open the sack and shake out the Happy Endings into the violet evening air. She was good at this because she had six fingers on each small hand.



the very
and because she loved him so very much
and they
fell in love
happily ever after





Some of the Endings drifted away like breath and others fluttered upwards like moths fumbling for light. Some looked like fireflies disappearing among the kindling of the leaves and twigs and some were fireworks, zipping skywards like rockets and flouncing off in a jackpot of sparks high above the forest.

When the last Ending was out of the sack, Jub would scamper and rustle her way down to the ground and set off homewards through the darkening woods. Sometimes the eyes of owls flashed from the trees like torches and made her jump, or bats skimmed the top of her head like living frisbees and she squeaked with alarm, but Jub trotted quickly along and was soon home in her own cosy hole.

and they all lived

